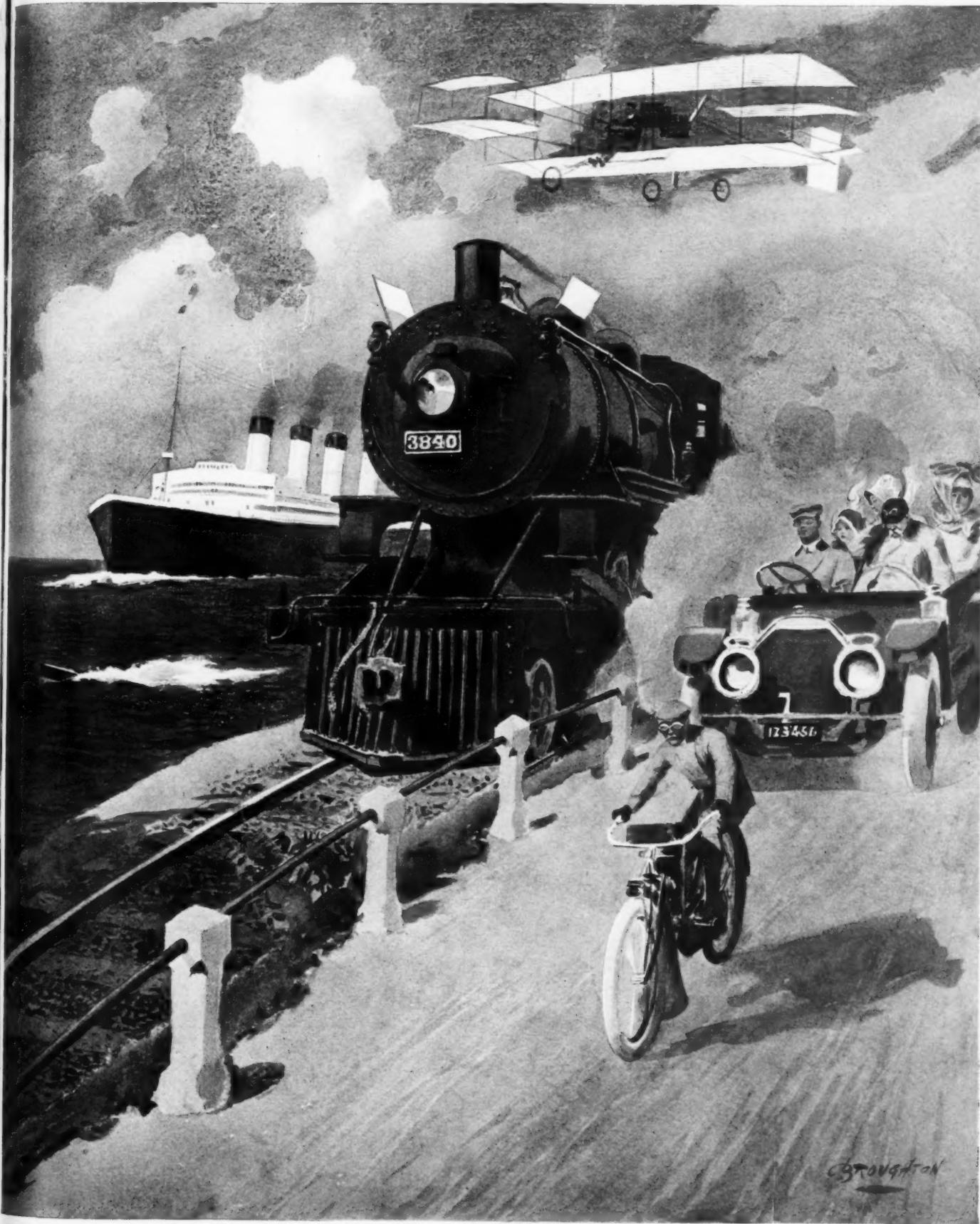


WINTER TRAVEL
NUMBER

LIFE

PRICE, 10 CENTS
VOL. LVIII. NO. 1522 DECEMBER 28, 1911
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ANY PLACE BUT HOME



The Master Car Victory in the Grand Prize

A 90 H.P. FIAT, with long stroke monobloc motor, driven by David L. Bruce-Brown, won the 411-mile Grand Prize Race at Savannah, Ga., on Thanksgiving Day, in a field of sixteen Foreign and American starters, averaging 74.45 miles an hour and breaking the former world's long distance road record made by a Fiat in the Italian Targa Florio of 1908.

To maintain such terrific speed for more than 400 miles means far greater strain than would be met in years of average touring. Not once did the Fiat falter or require mechanical replacement or adjustment of any kind.

A duplicate of this winning Fiat, driven by Caleb Bragg, finished fourth in the same race. Fiat won the First Grand Prize at Savannah in 1908, creating a new American Road Record, and was again victorious in the French Grand Prize of this year.

These victories and the every day service obtained throughout the world by Fiat owners, demonstrate the unequaled efficiency of the long stroke monobloc motor used in all Fiat models, and the general superiority of Fiat design and Fiat construction found in every car produced at the Poughkeepsie and Turin plants.

New Catalog from Sales Department H

Poughkeepsie

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New York

"Fiat Representation and Fiat Service are World-wide"

A Business Creed

In the New York office of Messrs. M. H. Treadwell and Company, the Easton, Pa., manufacturers of steel products, hangs a large framed copy of this excellent

CREED

To respect my work, my associates and myself. To be honest and fair with them as I expect them to be honest and fair with me. To be a man whose word carries weight. To be a booster, not a knocker; a pusher, not a kicker; a motor, not a clog.

To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered; to be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as opportunity, to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

To remember that success lies within myself: in my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them, to turn hard experience into capital for future struggles.

To interest myself heart and soul in my work, and aspire to the highest efficiency in the achievement of results. To be patiently receptive of just criticism and profit by its teaching. To treat equals and superiors with respect, and subordinates with kindly encouragement.

To make a study of my business duties; to know my work from the ground up; to mix brains with my efforts and use system and method in all I undertake. To find time to do everything needful by never letting time find me or my subordinates doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser does dollars; to make every hour bring me dividends in specific results accomplished. To steer clear of dissipation and guard my health of body and peace of mind as my most precious stock of trade.

Finally, to take a good grip on the joy of life; to play the game like a gentleman; to fight against nothing so hard as my own weakness, and endeavor to grow in business capacity, and as a man, with the passage of every day of time.

Every member of M. H. Treadwell & Co.'s organization should so conduct himself that he can point to this with pride and say

This is My Creed

Not to be outdone by the firm the office boy of M. H. Treadwell and Company made this revision of the document:

When you arrive at the office in the morning walk around and ask everyone regarding their health; that's polite and will greatly strengthen friendship and sharpen the mind for the day's labor.

Always talk loud so that everyone can hear you. Those that do not work like to hear you, and those who do work like to have something to swear over and put the blame on if they make mistakes.

If you see anyone working, go and ask him any old question, preferably something he doesn't know. Everyone likes to be con-



The Best Train Service on Earth

has helped in a great degree to make that section of the United States covered by New York Central Lines one of the wealthiest, most prosperous and important areas on the face of the globe.

20th Century Limited

—the famous Overnight Train between New York or Boston and Chicago, over the equally famous "Water Level Route," is the recognized criterion of train service throughout the world.

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When you contemplate a trip, write our Travel Bureau and you will be given complete information about fares, schedules, sleeping-car accommodations, changes of cars, if any, and all details concerning any trip, any time, any place. Address New York Central Lines Travel Bureau, Grand Central Terminal, New York, or La Salle Street Station, Chicago.

NEW YORK
CENTRAL
LINES

NEW YORK
CENTRAL
LINES

sidered an authority on things that he knows nothing about, and you may get some unprejudiced advice.

When you want a telephone number, yell as loudly as you can. It sounds nice and outsiders who happen to be in the office will think of the pleasures of Coney Island.

Always use cuss words when you have a chance. It gives importance to what you say and the boys may learn some "new ones."

When you bear a new story, tell it to everyone. There is nothing like a good story to kill time and refresh the mind.

If you see two talking, always "butt in" and ask some questions. They might just as well do two things at the same time. If they have any brains, it will be good mental exercise; if they have none, it's "alle see me."

When you want to consult with someone, go and sit down on his desk or table, and throw cigar ashes around on the floor. That will make everyone feel at home, and gives the scrub woman a chance to earn her wages.

When you have nothing to do, go into the drawing room and hang over a table. The boys there are very sociable and will enjoy your presence.

**JAPAN
CHINA and KOREA**

Lv. San Francisco in March
A delightful tour in
"Cherry Blossom Season."
Cost about same as good living at home. Optional return via
Trans-Siberian Route.
Address Room 10, 225 Fifth Ave., New York,
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ARE YOU IN TROUBLE ?

Avoid Future Complications

By securing the great Auto number of LIFE, out next week. Torpedo jokes, full literary bearings, universal radiation, double set of humorous batteries, sane chassis, Ha Ha muffler, world rims, cranks itself, one million passenger room, no hot air, goes up all grades and speeds to suit all temperaments.

While this will be the largest ever issued, the price will be only ten cents. On all news-stands Tuesday next at noon.

The Point

of our plea this last week of the year, is that you just have time, in case you are not a regular subscriber, to send in your subscription, so that you may begin the New Year right, with the great Special Number next week.

See coupon opposite.
Obey that impulse!
Au revoir!

OBEY THAT IMPULSE

Enclosed find
One Dollar
(Canadian \$1.13,
Foreign \$1.26). Send
LIFE for three months
to _____

Open only to new subscribers; no
subscription renewed at this rate.
This offer is net.

Subscription \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04

LIFE, 17 West 31 Street, New York

Too Easy

In a letter recently published, Lord Roberts, great military authority that he is, says:

"My country, right or wrong, . . . is the sentiment most treasured in the breast of any one worthy of the name of man."

So said Stephen Decatur in a toast given in Norfolk in 1820:

"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

In response, John Quincy Adams wrote: "And say not then, 'My country right or wrong,'

Nor draw thy sword in an unhallowed cause.

But when thy country wanders from the right

Furl up her banners and avert thy sight."

Which doctrine is right, that of the two soldiers or that of the statesman?

—*Literary Digest.*

All depends on who answers the question.

If your brains and moral sense are out of commission, shout for your own country, right or wrong.

THE last remark of Diderot on his deathbed was: "The first step towards philosophy is incredulity."



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GARBAGE RECEIVER**
NO FREEZING. NO LITTER. NO ODORS.
Open with the foot; closes itself. Clean and sanitary.
Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
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MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "Robert Elsmere"

has written a sequel to that novel which so stirred England and America

"The Case of Richard Meynell"

¶ For twenty years Mrs. Ward has written no book so important and vitally interesting as this. The publishers, while they fully realize the seriousness of the statement, believe that "The Case of Richard Meynell" is a greater work than "Robert Elsmere." It represents the more mature and vivid statement of questions which are being propounded in all countries where people are awake to changing conditions in all churches and all sects.

¶ As a story, the career of Richard Meynell is vastly absorbing and the statement of the new conditions twenty years after Elsmere's time is powerful in the telling, as well as important.

A book for a whole generation of readers

Six photogravure Illustrations. Fixed price, \$1.35 (postage 14c)

GARDEN CITY

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

NEW YORK

Why the Dog Howled

He was a poor, miserable-looking dog, and the stranger's heart was filled with pity. For the dog was howling, and it was only too evident that he was suffering pain. So he asked the tired rustic who lounged near why the dog howled.

"'Im?'" asked the rustic. "He's just lazy, that's all."

"But laziness doesn't make a dog howl, surely?" queried the benevolent one.

"Does 'im?'" said the tired owner. "Only lazy."

"But how," queried the persistent questioner—"how can laziness make him howl?"

"Well, you see," said the rural lounging, "that pore dog is sittin' on some real, tough thistles, and he's too lazy to get off, so he just sits there and howls 'cause it hurts so."—*Tit-Bits*.

No Let Up

GIBBS: Banks married his wife because she was a good conversationalist.

DIBBS: Yes, and divorced her because she talked too much.

—*Boston Transcript*.

Ask the man who owns one

PACKARD MOTOR TRUCKS ARE
USED IN ONE HUNDRED AND
FIFTY-FOUR LINES OF TRADE

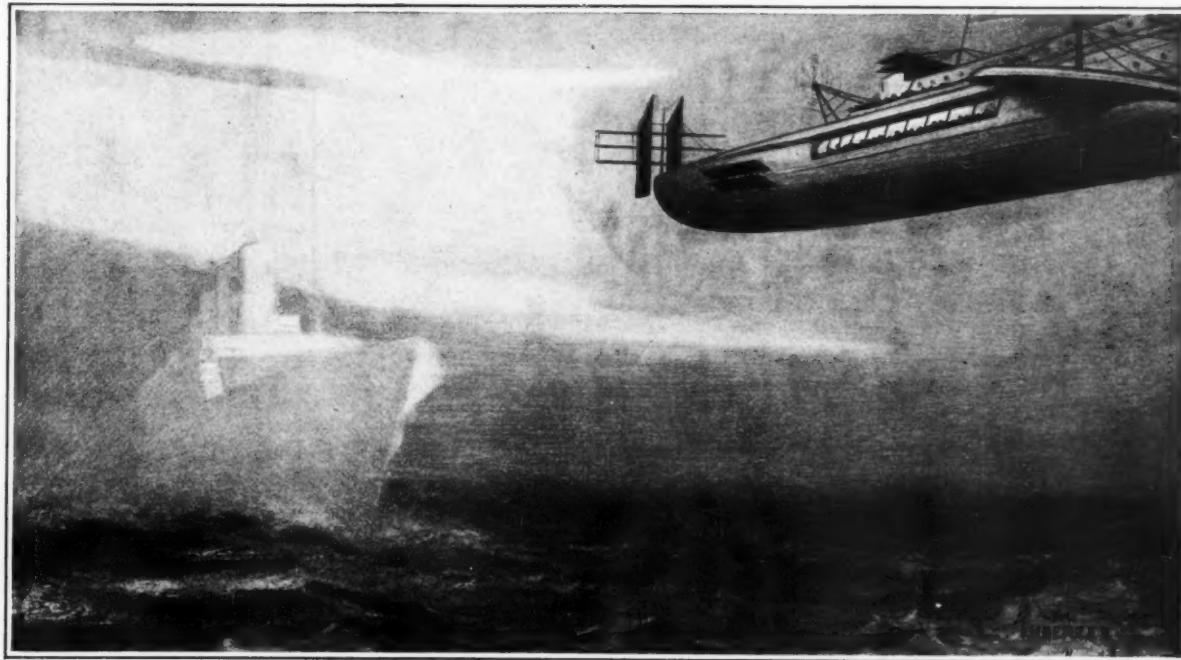


PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

Packard



Life



THE PHANTOM SHIP

Bulletin

MR. WELL KNOWN PHILANTHROPIST announces that by reason of his increased earnings, the result of the greater efficiency obtained through the application of superscientific management to conditions in his various industries, he will, until further notice, award to the American public for their non-interference with his methods, benefits as listed in the following schedule:

(1) For the twisted lives and pirated happiness of one thousand children (by-product of his mills), one char-

ity ward in hospital, to be operated as part of medical college of university hereinafter mentioned.

(2) For the smirched characters of one thousand women, driven to the street to eke out, to the point where they can live, the skimped wages allowed them in his department stores, one library, adjunct of the university hereinafter mentioned, wherein may be obtained books on leading the higher life.

(3) For the sodden hopes and blasted health of one thousand men, worn out in his factories, one scholarship, for the properly pliant.

in university hereinafter mentioned.

(4) For the wrecked integrity, or non-perpetuation, of one thousand families, one university wherein will be thoroughly promulgated the policy of *Let Well Enough Alone*.

NOTE.—Mr. Well Known Philanthropist scorns, in advance, the imputation that he makes the above concessions in order to draw attention from, or to offset the activities of, certain seeming tendencies of the times. His offers are prompted by purely philanthropic impulses.

Further, he holds that it were to show bad taste to question his motives.

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIII. DECEMBER 28, 1911 No. 1522

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THERE was a vote of 300 to one in the House of Representatives for the bill conveying our national disapproval of the Russian practice of holding the door against Jews who have left Russia, when they wish to return. Our disapproval, so emphatically expressed in Congress, applies, to be sure, only to Jews that have become citizens of the United States. As to them, the House has said that Russia must honor American passports, as provided by the treaty of 1832, or we will revoke the treaty. Of course, that is a sound position. We have been keeping the treaty, and Russia has been violating it. It provides that the Russians may come and go in our country and live in it as long as they behave, and our folks the same in Russia. If it is revoked it will not be violated any more. Otherwise, the revocation will make no special difference unless one or the other Government devises and enforces special measures of discomfort for the citizens of the other country. If we should say, *via* Congress, that for every American Jew who is shut out of Russia a citizen of Russia shall be excluded from the United States, that would be a measure of retaliation, and would be interesting as long as we had Russian citizens to exclude or deport. Or if we said that we would refuse to let any more Russian Jews come into the country at all so long as Russia refused to readmit them when they knocked at her door, that also would be a retaliatory measure and not altogether unintelligent. If the American Jews advertised more liberally in the

Congressional Record we should expect some such measures to be passed, but as it is, Congress may simply revoke, suspend or abrogate the treaty of 1832 as an expression of grief for Russia's dislike of Jews and of our own affectionate regard for them, and let it go at that. We shall see.

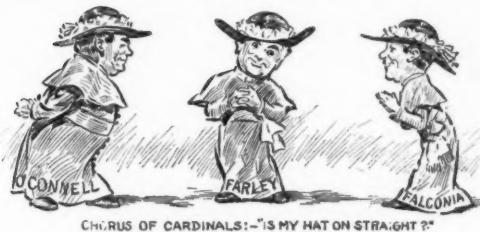
Russia's objection to letting Jews in seems to be both general and special. The general objection is that they are Jews, but the special objection is that they are apt to be revolutionists, and to come back with intent to promote dissatisfaction with her governmental methods, and to get the heads blown off of her government officials. To be sure, her governmental methods are apt to be deplorable, and her officials are often aggravating while their heads remain on, but still her prejudices are deep-rooted, and it may take more than the abrogation of a treaty to dislodge them.



IT is very much to be wished that Jews were more popular. In England, where there are only a few, and in this country, the attachment to them is almost ostentatious, but elsewhere they seem to be more or less disliked, especially on the continent of Europe. There are only about twelve millions of them altogether, which means about one Jew to every twelve hundred other persons on the earth. One would think that that proportion of Jews would be almost imperceptible, and so it would, no doubt, if the Jews were better distributed. But as it is, Russia has over five millions, Austria has over two millions, Germany and Roumania a million between them, and the rest of Europe two or three hundred thousand, while our country is favored by about two millions of them, mostly of recent acquisition, of whom about half elect to reside in the City of New York. As observed, the attachment to them in this country is profuse, as is natural, when one considers their thrift, their gift for trading, their exceptional appreciation of the material blessings of life, their talent for the show busi-

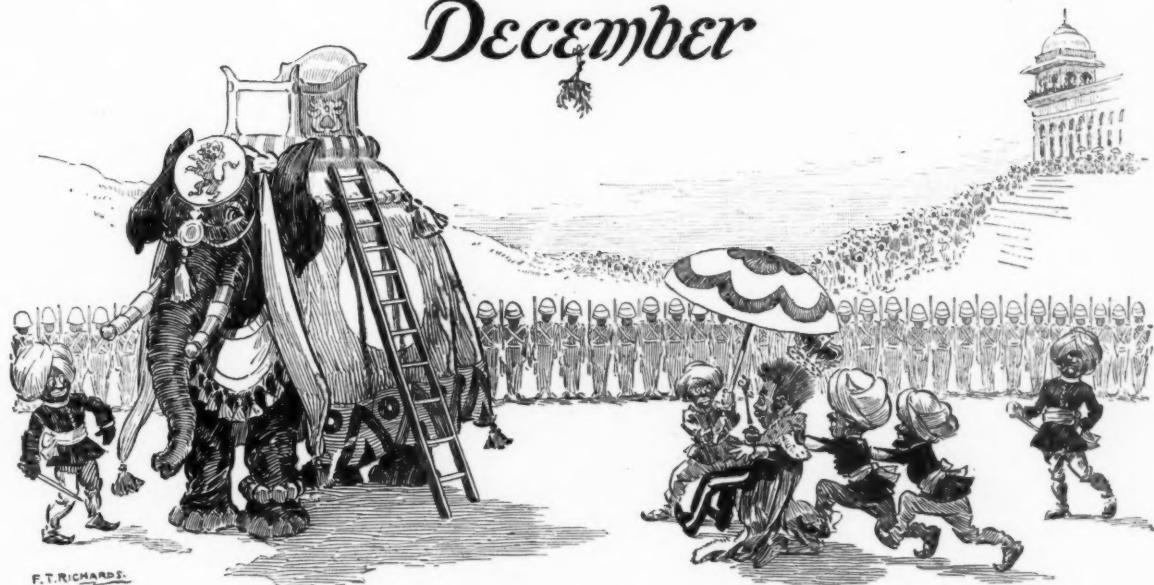
ness, the newspaper business, the banking industry, the dry-goods business, the clothing business in all its branches, the smelting business, the law business, the practice of medicine and many other lines. But Russia does not like them, Austria has probably about as many as she has room for, the rest of Europe is crowded and inhospitable to immigrants, and in the natural course of events, because of the affectionate consideration shown to Hebrews in these States, the perfections and imperfections of our laws, and the great prosperity of their labors here, it seems probable that our country will be blessed with much greater numbers of these admirable people than our abilities justify. For the truth is, they are quite sharply and successfully competitive, and sleepless in aspiration, and have odd, though harmless, customs about butchers' meat, shell-fish and such details, which tend to retard them from melting into the mass of our population. And so, because it often seems safer to keep company with one's equals in diligence and acuteness than with one's superiors, the wish is not uncommon that Europe loved its Jews better and that the prospect was not so bright that nine-tenths of them all would be American citizens within another hundred years. But who can say what is best for our country, or yet how much a century of free association as Americans with Americans may abate the gainfulness of the Hebrew disposition and develop it on other sides!

For there is contemporary evidence that it has other sides. The new American Jew is showing qualities that we have not been used to associate with his breed. He is capable of ideals, such ideals as Russia fears, but we need not. He has a propensity toward Socialism which at least is a deviation from the pursuit of individual gain. He has a voracious appetite for education, and if mere education improves people he ought to improve. If his reputed overzeal in competition and acquisition are a result of the Mosaic religion, that may change, for the new Jewish children seem to shed their religion very promptly after coming here, and they run the chance of being Christianized. There are some wonderful altruists among our Jews.

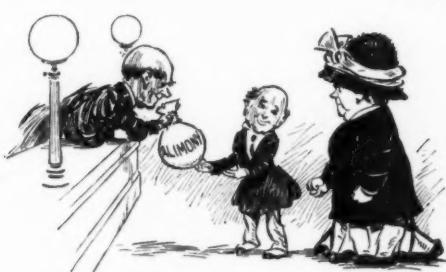


CHORUS OF CARDINALS:—"IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?"

December



KING GEORGE SAYS:—"NO ELEPHANTS IN MINE."



ALIMONY FOR HUSBANDS IN DAKOTA.



DR. ELIOT'S GRANDSON DINES WITH A COMRADE.



OUR RECENT CORONATION.



PERSIAN LAMB VERSUS RUSSIAN BEAR.

A Modest Lecturer

WE are in receipt of an invitation to a course of ten lectures on the Fundamental Forms of Ethical Theory. Previous engagements, and not fear of the consequences, will keep us away. In sending our regrets, however, we can, at least pay a tribute to the bravery of the lecturer, Mr. Louis Kaufman Anspacher.

In the first lecture he starts right off and asks: "What is an Ethical Fact?" That, of course, is the whole point, and many a more timid lecturer would have put this question off till the very last. Upon it depends everything, as almost any philosopher will attest.

Assuming, however, that it would be possible to corner an Ethical Fact so that it would submit to diagnosis, the other nine lectures would take on an extraordinarily educational value.

For eight of these lectures, Mr. Anspacher, having gathered together all the Ethics he can find, whether ancient, medieval or modern, will divide this collection into eight more or less equal piles or categories—namely, religious, theological, philosophical, sociological, utilitarian, psychological, biological and scientific. This, in itself, is no small job.

In its broader aspect, however, the task which the lecturer has set himself is little less than herculean. This appears upon perusal of the subtitles of the lectures. When, in the first lecture, we take him by the hand and enter the "Sphere of Ethical Experience," we cannot fail to be mystified and overawed by the complex and heterogeneous mass from which painstakingly, and one by one, he proposes to extricate "mysticism," "transcendentalism," "dogmatism," "dualism," "monism," "pantheism," "legislation" (this seems to have got in by mistake), "motivites," "moral senses," "evolution," "determinism" and "modern science," to say nothing of



all the miscellaneous, lesser, philosophical and unclassified atoms which might be found imbedded in the nebular mass and treated as a by-product thereof.

In short, as will undoubtedly be fully explained in the tenth and final lecture, "A Summary of Modern Tendencies," are we improving our opportunities? Are we making the best use of that immense store of natural ethical wealth which we wrested from the Indians?

Ellis O. Jones.

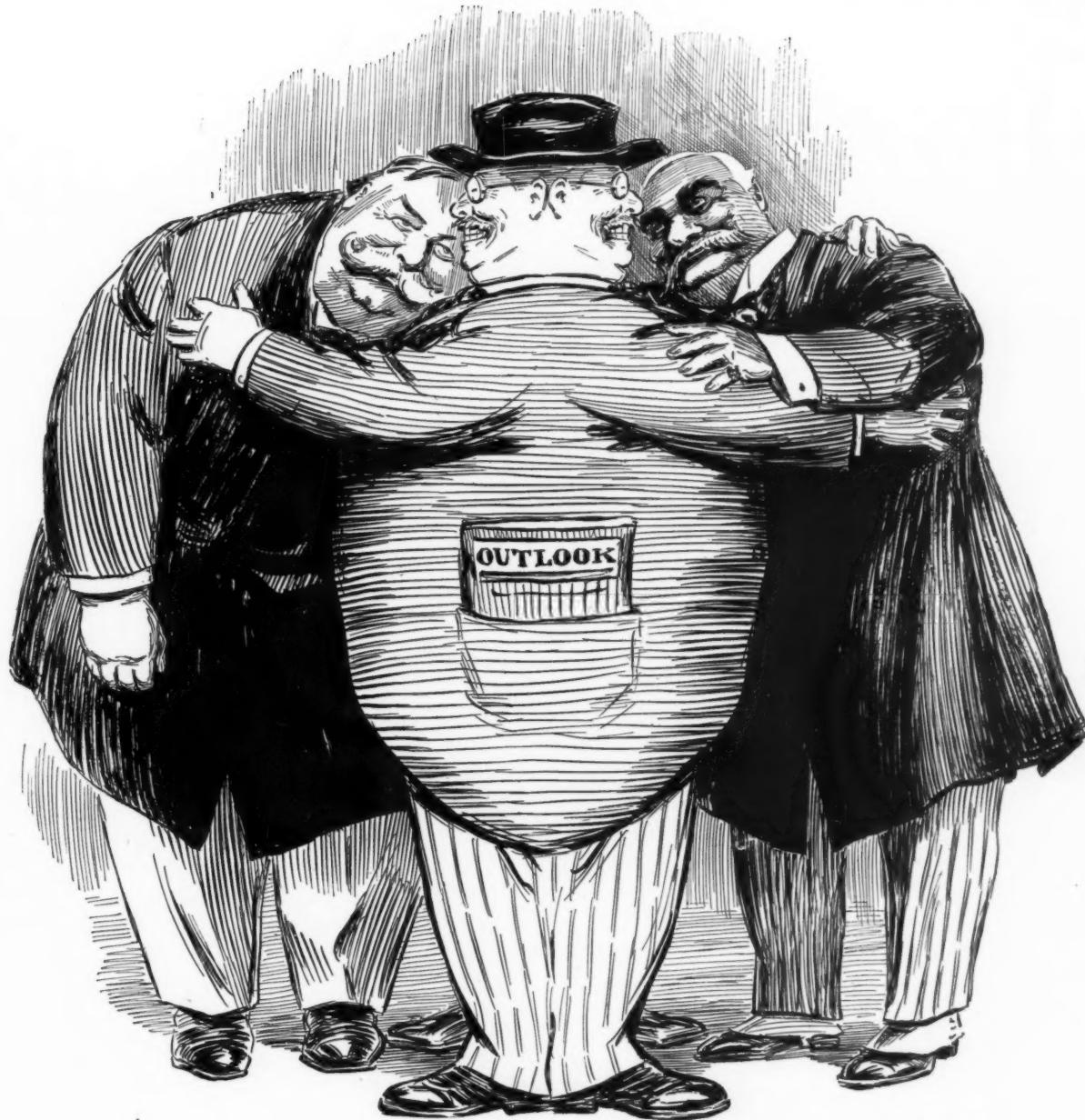


The Stout One: IT'S WHAT YOU WEAR THAT COUNTS!

Let the Rules Abide

FOOTBALL has had a prosperous season. The receipts must have been at least as large as usual. A great many of the young gentlemen were damaged by concussion or fracture, but, apparently, not so seriously as has sometimes happened in past years. Persons interested in football seem to have found the games satisfactory as spectacles. The railroads have hauled their thousands and collected their fares. They make no complaint. The newspapers have filled space and sold copies; they do not grumble.

Why then is there so much talk about changing the rules? The business interests are well protected with the rules as they are. We have the Sherman law under consideration and must either tinker it or adjust ourselves to it, and the tariff must go on the operating table again. Surely it is a year when there is enough unsettlement in our national programme, and any industry which can be let alone ought not to be disturbed. There were a few scoreless games, but that happens every season. There was some complaint of a tendency of weaker teams to beat stronger ones, but that adds to the romance of competition and increases the hazards of betting. With serious upsettings in China, and Italy at war with Turkey, and Emmeline Pankhurst stumping the Eastern States, and a Presidential campaign coming on, and the condition of the blacks in the Southern States far from satisfactory, and France running behind in its birth rate, and a virtual revolution progressing in England, and Russia pinching Persia and making trouble for us about Jews, surely there are enough pots boiling on the fire already without imperiling an important industry by a change in football rules that seem to do pretty well considering the reprobate and refractory nature of the game they try to control.



1908

T.R.JANUS

1911



MARY'S LEARNING SOMETHING EVERY DAY

Here's to Texas

WE have always suspected that Texas contained more intelligent people to the acre than any other State of the Union. And this suspicion has been confirmed by the fact that *LIFE* has apparently more readers in Texas than anywhere else—judged by the letters received at this office.

Boston's culture is mitigated and neutralized by some reprehensible things, but the air of Texas does not permit any miasmatic mental germs to stick very long to anybody. The consequence is that Texas has the wide-awakest people and the sunniest outlook of any of us.

Who, by the way, was that able gentleman and scholar who said that it was not a man's *fault*, but his misfortune, that he wasn't born in Texas?

In the meantime, here's to you, Texas. Power to your elbow, and may your shadow never grow less.

HOBBS (*to prospective chauffeur*): Under no circumstances must you run over twenty miles an hour.

THE CHAUFFEUR: You don't want an auto; you want a man to take you out in a baby carriage.

ROBINSON CRUSOE (*after spending a week in New York without making any friends*): Great cocoanuts! But this is a lonesome place!



"Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight.
Make me a child again—just for to-night."

"Aviatrice"

(It is suggested that lady aviators be called aviatrices.)

EFTEEN the lady Beatrice Will rise as an aviatrice, Or if you speak her name Be-at-rice, She'll then go up an aviatrice, And should you call her Bay-ah-treechey, Then she'll be an aviatrice— In any case, provide a mattress In case she falls, an aviatrice.

Rules for Journalists

Never to seek office. Never to take gift stock. Never to touch campaign money.

THOSE are the precepts that Marse Henry says the young journalist should hang on his bed post. So he told the newspaper men at their meeting last month in Boston. They are excellent rules. Journalism is a consecrated job. It is hard to mix it in with other money-making or fame-gathering occupations without making a mess of it. Hear the Dean of the profession:

Disinterestedness, the mainspring; good will and good cheer, the solar system of good journalism; the decent, the truthful, the unselfish—not inconsistent with enterprise and interest—will more and more direct the ambitious among the conductors and the workers of the daily press, for these in the long run are the only qualities which will insure prosperity.

SATIRE is cynicism with which you agree. Cynicism is satire with which you do not.



GRANDMA — TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Lies

A GRAND talking bee will be held in Omaha early in the spring. Every first class talker is eligible. The judges will award prizes according to the length of time the contestants can talk without stopping, the glittering generalities they can indulge in, the excuses they can make and the number of different ways in which they can present the same subject in the same time. Up to date the entries are W. H. Taft, T. Roosevelt, W. J. Bryan, Woodrow Wilson and Champ Clark.

Andrew Carnegie has enlisted in the Turkish army.

Anthony Comstock has entered a monastery.



TRAVELING FOR HIS HEALTH

No New Year Celebration This Year

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau Makes Important Announcement Which Will Affect Many Households Throughout the Land

MANY of our customers have urged us this year to give a New Year's Husbands' Festival, as a sort of fitting ceremony to mark our progress, and emphasize the fact that during the past year we have united a record number of happy hearts.

We regret that we must decline this suggestion. There will be no New Year's celebration of our Bureau this year. We can only say to those of our overenthusiastic friends who have urged us to take this step, that having presided over the destinies of countless husbands now for many years we know pretty well when to celebrate and when not to.

In our opinion New Year's day is no time to celebrate, so far as the average husband is concerned, and we say this with due regard for everybody. This Bureau will be closed on that day, and all of our employees will be given a day off.

Our reasons for making this announcement are based on the fundamental principles that govern the actions of mankind in general; for years we have tried to make our New Years, as they have come around, look bright and cheerful. Having been a husband ourselves now for a long period, and having had as many varieties of wives as are likely to fall to the lot of any innocent and more or less misguided person who is governed too largely by his sentiments, we know whereof we speak.

Husbands are broadly divided into two classes, those whose wives are more economical than they are, and those whose wives are more extravagant. When a man's wife is so mean that she never runs up any bills, and he can't steal away even for twelve hours to forget himself, he doesn't want to be reminded of New Year's—of the glad, free, reckless atmosphere of other homes than his. When, on the other hand, his wife is extravagant, New Year's is the day when he wants to steal upstairs to the top floor, and there, in the little attic room, go over the Christmas and other incidental

bills that the New Year bequeaths to him, while hot, scalding tears course down his cheeks, and he has a strange, sad sense that he is up against it.

This Bureau mitigates both of these cases. In our time we have performed many remarkable cures. A year ago one of our customers had a wife so close that she made his cravats out of last year's window curtains that had been dyed twice; and we have her so now that she will eat, on Saturday night, a dollar and a half *table d'hôte* dinner with him, tip the waiter a quarter and otherwise extravagantly enjoy herself without referring to the matter every day for the next week.

Another customer had a wife so extravagant that she used to wait in front of his office every Saturday to rob him of everything but carfare, and the willow plumes she bought in one year, if put end to end, would reach from Boston to New York. This case is now so far recovered that the husband often has enough ready cash to steal away under the auspices of our Entertainment Committee and

have a real uplifting time. But, generally speaking, New Year's is not a period for rejoicing on the part of any of our customers. We expect to have a fairly good time ourself this year, as our latest wife—who we regret to say is not the best investment in the world—is going away on a visit to her family. The relations between this lady and ourself, while not having reached the open breach stage, are yet so ambiguous as to lead us to believe that almost any New Year's day would be a success without her presence.

In the meantime, those of our customers who are in arrears should bear in mind that, while this office will be closed New Year's day, it constitutes no argument against paying up their accounts at the end of the year. Owing to our intense sympathy with many of our customers, we have been carrying on our books more charity accounts than good business instinct warrants. Those who can pay, therefore, are urged to do so at once. If we can by any chance collect

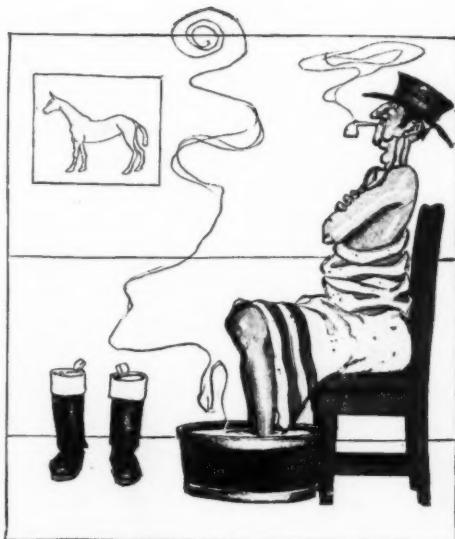




THE RUSSIAN DANCERS AT BREAKFAST



THE FLOORWALKER AT HOME



THE COACHMAN IN HIS HOURS OF EASE



THE TRAFFIC POLICEMAN IN THE BOSOM
OF HIS FAMILY

SOME LITTLE JOURNEYS
TO THE HOMES OF PEOPLE WE KNOW

enough money before the end of the year, it is our intention to steal away to Paris. While we have a keen sense of our responsibility, we believe that the whole trade will be benefited by our sojourn abroad. It is probable that the

tall, handsome blonde—on the right as you enter—may be away about the same length of time.

Please remit at once.

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau.

The Day After Christmas

Lest it slip your recollection,
 'Tis the day we make inspection
 Of the gifts which our relations
 Sent without premeditations;
 By the box or bag which brought them,
 Note where kindly kindred bought them;
 Join the jostling hurly-burly;
 Do your Christmas swapping early.



The Dullest Time of the Year



THE Christmas season used to be a period of good cheer, peace on earth and good-will. In America it has now become a period of competitive trade, strenuous shopping, expenditure beyond every one's means and general mental harassment. Christmas, with its attendant perplexities, has come to be a thing to be dreaded instead of enjoyed.

This year it brings to theatrical observers the first breathing space they have had since the beginning of this extraordinarily busy season. Workers in the theatre, although there is no let-up in their tasks, have reason to hate Christmas because the shopping mania and the expenditures it entails keeps the people out of the theatres, making bad business and a pretty universal practice of either closing up altogether or cutting salaries in half.



THE chance to lift the eyes from scanning the individual features in the swift moving procession of new productions shows that there are appearing in New York just now a majority of the younger stars on our stage. In rival attractions at our theatres are Mesdames Elsie Ferguson, Nazimova, Margaret Illington, Helen Ware, Ethel Barrymore, Julia Dean, Mary Mannering and Rose Stahl. Which, if any, of these artists give promise of future greatness? With some of these their futures are already in their pasts, but their simultaneous appearance here in leading rôles gives an unusual opportunity for comparison and discussion of their respective merits and possibilities.



EASILY out-numbering all others among the letters which come to LIFE concerning theatrical subjects, there is no more fruitful inspiration of comment and complaint than the way the public is treated in the matter of securing seats at the theatres. The principal grievance appears to be that would-be purchasers of tickets are seldom able, no matter how far in advance they may apply, to secure good seats at the adver-

tised prices at the box-offices. This complaint is so general that it must have some basis in fact.

It was thought that when the sidewalk speculator was abolished by ordinance there would be an improvement in this state of affairs. It was known that several managers worked in collusion with the sidewalk ruffians and that one reason the box-offices were bare of tickets was that they were in the hands of the outsiders. As a result of the disappearance of the sidewalk men the number of ticket offices in cigar stores and similar places in the theatre district has increased noticeably. Where formerly only "bill-board" and "lithograph" tickets were to be had it is now possible to secure, at advanced prices, the regular coupon tickets for the best seats in the theatres. Therefore it is a fair inference that the same old collusion between managers and so-called "speculators" still exists, the incentive in the case of the managers being that they receive part of the excess price paid by the purchaser. At all events the disappearance of the ticket merchant who did business on the street has made it no easier for the innocent theatregoer.



THE fact is that neither these "speculators" nor the hotel and other outside ticket agencies are speculators in any sense of the word. Speculation means risk, but they take none because the managers permit them to return such tickets as they do not sell. This accounts for the often voiced complaint from those who have bought back row seats from the box-office at full prices and see the evening go through with many of the best seats in the house unoccupied. No wonder there are no good seats to be had at the box-offices when they are all out in the hands of what are really agents of the theatres for sale at prices greater than those advertised.

One remedy suggested for the unfair practices is in the way of legislation, which should compel the theatres to print the prices plainly on the tickets and prescribe a punishment for anyone selling them at an advance on the printed price. It might be difficult even with such a law to prove that the manager was receiving part of the excess received by his agent. A greater difficulty would be with the constitutionality of such a law so long as the learned Court of Appeals of



Father Time: WHAT! A GIRL?



CLEVER DEVICE OF A WIFE WHO OBJECTS TO ASHES ON THE RUGS

the State of New York has not waked up to the fact that theatres are public places, licensed by the authorities, inviting the whole public to enter their doors and enjoying the special services of policemen and firemen paid for by all the taxpayers.

Another remedy would be that the public should refuse to patronize the theatres that do not deal fairly. It would be extremely difficult to separate the sheep from the goats in that matter and it would be folly to expect and unreasonable to demand that the mass of the people should deny itself its principal amusement. It is unquestionably true, though, that a very considerable number of persons who would naturally be patrons of the theatres cut off or limit their indulgence in theatregoing because of the annoyances and excessive cost which go with it. Perhaps this is the true reason of bad theatrical business rather than the wail so frequently repeated by pin-headed managers to the effect that "there are too many theatres."



THE remedy for the ticket evil will come when we have in the theatrical business some of the same broad grasp of conditions that American business men put into the solution of other problems. And this will come when managers cease to be simply showmen unable to rise above the obsolete traditions, small jealousies, petty rivalries, the absolute unveracity and exaggerated

self-importance that have always characterized the showman.

It shouldn't be tremendously difficult to devise a means to sell theatre tickets at a fair price to those who want to buy them at a fair price.

IS Police Commissioner Waldo responsible for the safety of the theatre-going public against fire and panic?
If not, who is?

Metcalfe.



Astor—"The Red Widow." Mr. Raymond Hitchcock in a more than usually amusing musical show.

Belasco—"The Return of Peter Grimm." The reappearance of a dead man in interesting play, well acted, with Mr. David Warfield as the star.

Broadway—"The Wedding Trip." Notice later.

Casino—"Peggy." Elaborate but not clever musical show.

Century—"The Garden of Allah." The Sahara and its neighborhood as the spectacular background of the well-known novel in dramatic version.

Cohan's—"The Little Millionaire." Mr. George M. Cohan and his whole dear family in a musical show not refined but occasionally funny and tuneful.

Comedy—"Bunty Pulls the Strings." Laughable and satirical Scotch comedy, most artistically performed.

Criterion—Last week of "Passers-By." Rather interesting drama with well portrayed types of low life in London.

Daly's—Margaret Illington in "Kindling." Interesting and well acted drama of tenement house life.

Empire—Ethel Barrymore in "The Witness for the Defence." Not very clever mystery play with the star not impressive.

Fulton—Mr. William Collier in "Take My Advice." Just enough of a play to carry the star's irresistible fun-making.

Gaiety—Elsie Ferguson in "The First Lady of the Land." Clever and very well acted American historical play of the times of Burr and Jefferson.



MAKING A MAN OF HIMSELF



MISS GRACE LA RUE AND ONE OF HER ADMIRERS

Garrison—"The Senator Keeps House." Mr. William H. Crane and his abilities as a comedian in a not very brilliant play.

Globe—"The Three Romeos." Musical show with an abundance of fun-makers and their product.

Harris—Last fortnight of Rose Stahl and "Maggie Pepper." Rather interesting developments with a department store supplying the atmosphere.

Herald Square—"Betsy," with Grace La Rue as the star. Agreeable comedy with musical features and without chorus girls.

Hippodrome—The big show with its brilliant ballet, spectacle and pictures of foreign parts.

Hudson—"The Price." Fairly interesting problem play with Helen Ware in the star part.

Lyceum—Mme. Nazimova in "The Mariettes." French comedy based on the domestic triangle, with the star interesting but as artificial as ever.

Lyric—"Little Boy Blue." Most agreeable musical show, picturesque and well done.

Maxine Elliott's—Last week of the Irish Players in repertory.

Park—"The Quaker Girl." Dainty, pleasant and well presented musical show of the London type.

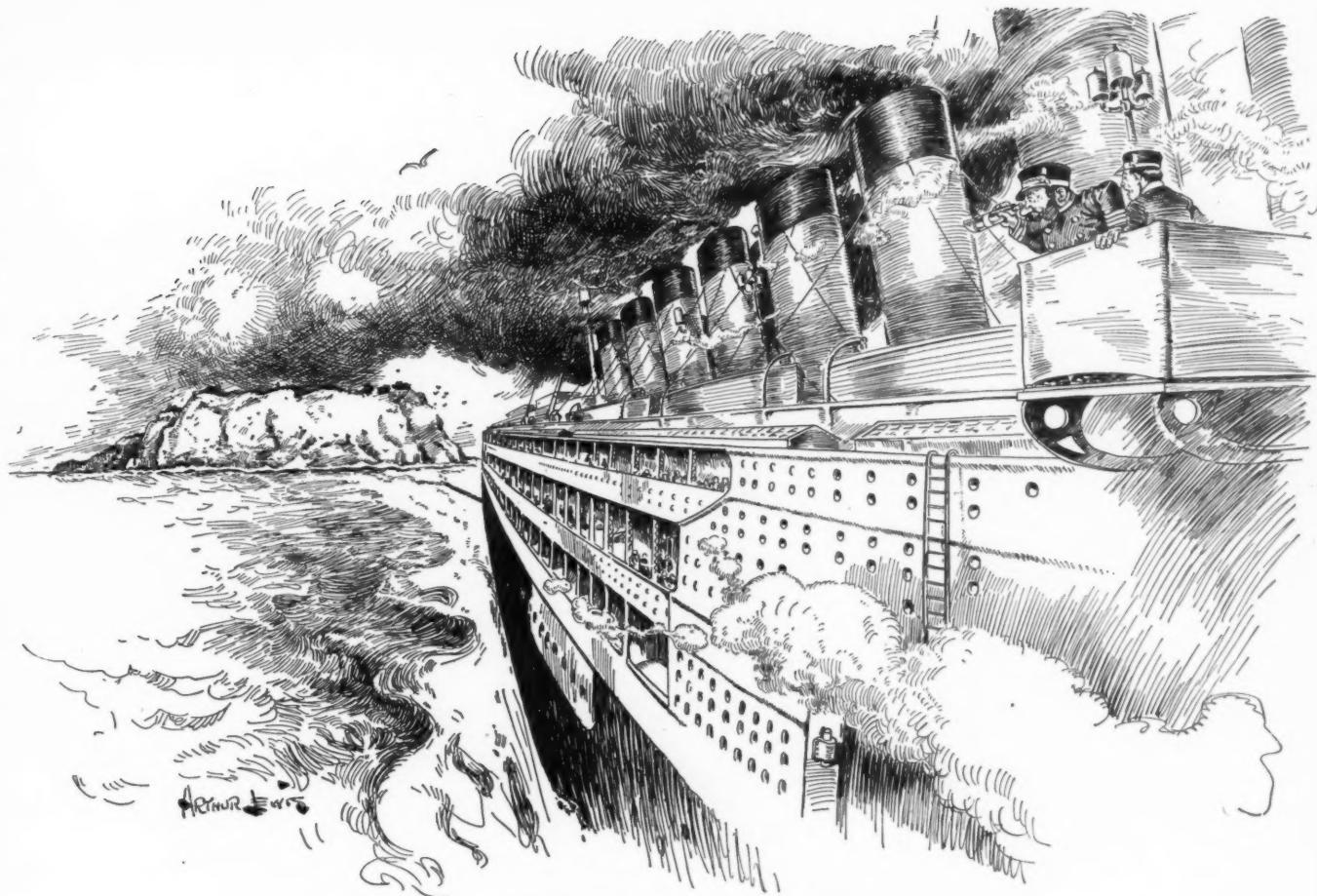
Playhouse—"Bought and Paid For." The unusual mixture of fun and pathos in a play of our own times, which holds the interest continuously.

Republic—"The Woman." Strong, absorbing and well acted drama of life among the corrupt politicians of Washington.

Thirty-ninth Street—"The Million." Farce from the French, rough-house but very funny.

Wallack's—"Disraeli." Pleasant play of the Victorian era, with Mr. George Arliss's fine depiction of the title character.

Winter Garden—Generous bill of vaudeville and extravaganza, with Gaby Deslys and Annette Kellermann heading the list.



IF THEY BUILD THEM MUCH LARGER

Skipper of Green Star Liner Gigantic: THUMPING TURBINES! WE FORGOT TO SHIP ANCHOR WHEN WE LEFT SOUTHAMPTON LAST NIGHT AND WE'VE GOT ENGLAND IN TOW

The "Call" and the "Forward Movement"

THERE is a religious "forward movement" afloat to increase piety in the United States. It is carefully organized, with a central committee in New York, and other co-operating committees in all the considerable cities of the country. It is also carefully financed, with various gentlemen of recognized affluence among its backers, including Mr. Morgan.

Our socialist neighbor, the *Call* (New York) warns us all against this movement, as a perfidious wile of capital to "capture, chloroform and disarm the masses for the time being, until the dangerous period is passed."

Maybe so, but to our ear the cry of the good *Call* is a note or two off. What the *Call* should try to do is not to head off this "forward movement," which may be a good thing, but to insist that it shall square with its platform.

Maybe the *Call* is not a student of religion and does not know what the platform is on which a consistent "forward movement" in religion in these states must stand. Let it get a New Testament somewhere, and get some learned person to direct it to the Sermon on the Mount. That is the platform in which this "forward movement" must stand.

The *Call* professes to be "devoted to the interests of the working people."

It would be interesting to learn what it thinks of the bearing of the "forward movement's" platform in those interests, and wherein, if at all, the working people are likely to suffer by the dissemination of that platform's sentiments.

E. S. M.

Going Some

FIRST ASTRONOMER: I have just located a new comet, but I cannot figure out its orbit; all I know is that it is going at tremendous speed, but seems to have no logical destination.

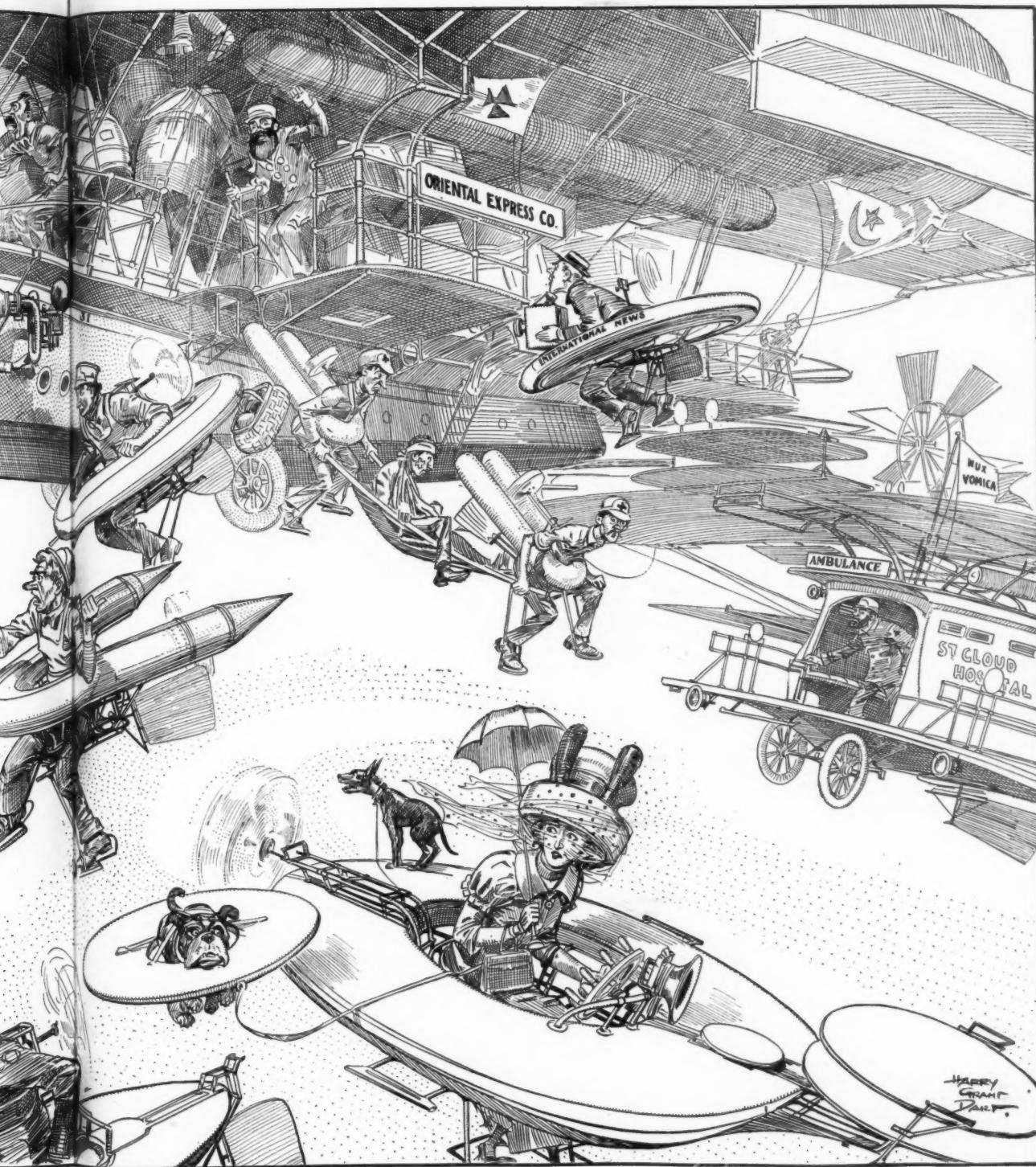
SECOND ASTRONOMER: What are you going to call it?

"I thought I would name it after President Taft."



The Collision

(SEE DAILY PAPERS THAT D



The Collision

(DAILY PAPERS AT THAT DATE)

Laughter—Philistine and Philosophical

WHEN an actor bids the leading lady a heartbroken adieu, hints darkly at self-destruction and rushes from the stage—leaving his hat in a conspicuous position on the sofa, we know that he is going, shortly, to make an opportune reappearance. But I solemnly protest that when, a few weeks ago, in speaking of Henri Bergson and his volume on "Creative Evolution," I failed to state that the book was published by Henry Holt & Company, the omission was genuinely inadvertent. It was only through a letter of inquiry from a would-be reader of the book that I became aware of the oversight. And it is primarily from a sense of duty that I return to apologize and make amends. But—being back—propose to make the most of the opportunity.

A few weeks ago the statement that "Bergson is in the air" would probably have been accepted in any ordinarily intelligent company as the latest news from the aviation field. To-day, if you enter a book store and ask for "that new book by What's-his-name," you will probably be offered "Creative Evolution." To-day, too, if you happen to know any amateur philosophers, you will notice that they appear to be finding an element of the comic in the sudden fame of this crystal-brained Frenchman. For they cannot, quite rightly, conceive of any but an affected public interest in this writer's metaphysical speculations. And since, from Mr. Balfour down, they have devoted themselves to dissecting M. Bergson's metaphysics and have quite overlooked the practical, original and lucidly vernacular critique of the origin and functions of intellect and of the nature and potentialities of instinct, upon which these speculations are based, they have failed to see that this critique clarifies a hundred problems in every ordinarily intelligent mind and has therefore not unnaturally caught the attention of the ordinarily intelligent.

And if you will, for a moment, picture to yourself these lovers of wisdom laughing in cynical unison because a considerable company of the uninitiated presume to share their interest in a work for the admiring of which they were inclined to think themselves admirable, I think that you will

agree that there is also an element of the comic in that spectacle.

And it is at this psychological moment, when intelligent Philistia and metaphysical Philosophidom are laughing in each other's faces over Henri Bergson, that Bergson himself reappears upon the scene in an American edition of his "Laughter, An Essay on the Meaning of the Comic" (Macmillan, \$1.25). As this contains no metaphysics it may be beneath the notice of these philosophers. But no reader of LIFE ought to overlook it, since a single reading of it is warranted to double the value of his subscription. A little book that is at once a verbal delight and an analytical marvel; that never talks over our heads, yet never seems to condescend to our ignorance; that leads us, with the simplicity of a child and with the acumen of genius, through the most intricate mazes of our emotions, opening a thousand unsuspected doors in the blank wall of our self-ignorance; it sharpens our understanding without dulling our appreciation and once for all orients and socializes that most vaunted and least understood of our possessions—our sense of humor.

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

The Bargain Book, by Charles E. Jerningham and Lewis Bettany. A chatty volume about the chances of collecting and the vagaries of collectors.

Creative Evolution, by Henri Bergson. A philosophical treatise based on a most interesting differentiation between intelligence and instinct.

Ethan Frome, by Edith Wharton. A New England novelle. The story that lay behind a striking face.

The Footlights—Fore and Aft, by Channing Pollock. The business side of the theatre explained by a one-time theatrical press agent.

The Fruitful Vine, by Robert Hichens. How a lackadaisical lady whose husband didn't like dogs supplied him with a son. An exotic melodrama with Rome for a back-drop and the nobility as supers.

The Gods and Mr. Perrin, by Hugh Walpole. See above.

Jean Christophe in Paris, by Romain Roland. Contains the fifth, sixth and seventh divisions of Roland's prose epic, but mostly devoted to the author's excoriation of the art cliques of Paris.

Jennie Gerhardt, by Theodore Dreiser. The story of twelve years from the life of a workman's daughter. A big piece of naturalistic fiction with some of the crudities of realism still adhering to it.

Laughter, by Henri Bergson. See above.

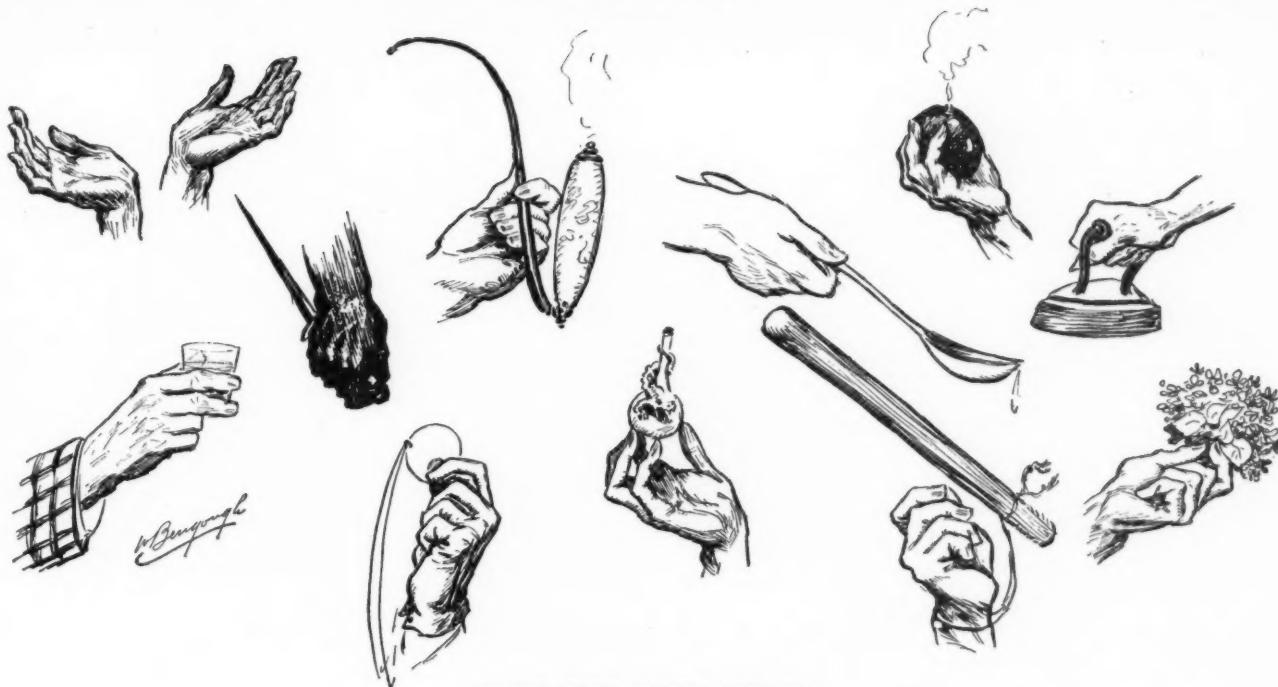
The Life Everlasting, by Marie Corelli. Religious romanticism run mad.

The Man Who Understood Women, by Leonard Merrick. Sixteen short stories, many of which are clever and all of which are entertaining.

Mother, by Kathleen Norris. A little book that started out to be a fictional tract and ended by being a charming story.

The Truth About an Author, by Arnold Bennett. A bit of professional autobiography that is careful to tell the truth chiefly where habit has led us to expect lies.

MR. HUGH WALPOLE is one of the numerous minor novelists of England whose individual literary voltage is seldom great enough to jump the spark-gap of the Atlantic, but whose works, when they once get across, make us take tingling notice of the electric conditions that prevail on the other side. His novel, "The Gods and Mr. Perrin" (Century, \$1.20), is at once an excellent story and an interesting study of a group of cleverly sketched characters thrown together in a situation that completely legitimizes the book's subtitle of "A Tragi-comedy." The scene is a sizable but second-class English boarding school for boys. The characters are the disappointed and mentally down-at-heel members of the teaching staff and their wives. The catastrophic tension is furnished by intolerable contacts and petty jealousies of a shared isolation. And the catastrophe itself is precipitated by the intrusion of a new teacher and rendered nugatory by the sapped will power of an



HANDS FROM ACROSS THE SEA

(GUESS WHO THEY ARE)

old one. The theme has the double advantage of being unhackneyed and of touching the common experience of all who have ever endured the too close and too much prolonged companionship of travel, committee work or camp. And the author's unilluded but sympathetic understanding of his chosen types brings impartially before us the humor of their misery and the tragedy of their grotesqueness.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Progress

MR. EDISON is always interesting and usually optimistic, but the following is a little off his regular key:

"In fifty years from now I hope that we will have evolved a class of men who are capable of grasping the great tangled mass of basic principles upon which our industrial life is founded. Until this class of men appears on the national horizon I expect little real progress."

It is statesmen that Mr. Edison feels the need of. Very good! They would be nice to have around, but we can't agree that progress without them is impossible, and no one ought to know that better than Mr. Edison. He has lived his own progressive life quite independently of either statesman or politician. After all, a statesman is merely a politician with whom we agree. Neither is necessarily a leader of progress. Both are flies on the wheel, and we honor them in direct proportion to their riding ability.

Pulled Him Through

YES, the doctor has pronounced me cured."

"What did he treat you for?"

"A small bank account."

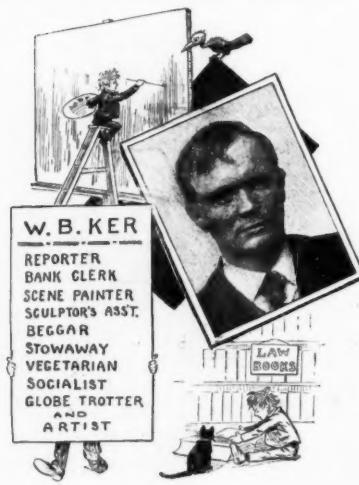


ANOTHER ARGUMENT FOR SEEING AMERICA FIRST

FIFTEEN SECONDS TILL THE TRAIN STARTS AND
ALL THE GERMAN YOU KNOW WAS LEARNED IN
HIGH SCHOOL!

• LIFE •

Life's Family Album



William Balfour Ker

WE have often propounded this question to ourselves, viz.: If Jack London had been an artist, wouldn't he have been William Balfour Ker? There are, of course, many points of dissimilarity between Jack London and William Balfour Ker, but there are also many points in common. Each is possessed of undoubted genius. Each revolts at the existing order of things. Each has been a wanderer over the face of the earth, and each has voiced more dramatically than any other the cry of the unemployed. Of Mr. Ker's pictures, as they have appeared in LIFE, it is sufficient to observe that they stand out complete in the memory, carrying the lesson of human injustice to a point where it can no longer be ignored.

And what Mr. Ker's work is, his life is; his work has grown out of his life, is the logical development of it; it expresses more beautifully and more dramatically than words the bitter cry of the under-dog—portrayed with a mixture of sympathy, sentiment and humor unequalled.

"Can't you tell us something about yourself that will reveal what you are?" we asked.

"I am afraid not. I can give you obvious facts, but of what value are they? It is, after all, the little things, the accidents, the chance word, the half a moment early or late—these and more are what make a true biography."

"Where were you born, Mr. Ker, to ignore your truism and to become immediately prosaic?"

"Something that I have never had satisfactorily explained is that I was born in an Imperial Bank of Canada, at Dunville, Ontario, July 25, 1877."

"When did you first begin to have the craving for art?"

"Don't ask me. I don't know. I came to the United States, lived in Pennsylvania, attended public schools, and at eighteen I studied law at George Washington University. About that time I went to evening drawing classes and eventually found myself in New York. But that doesn't explain anything, does it?"

"Something. And your travels?"

"I have wandered over England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Hoboken and the Bronx. I have been successively a newspaper reporter, bank clerk, scene painter, sculptor's assistant, beggar, illustrator and stowaway. I have even spent one night in the Yonkers lockup."

"And what are your amusements—your predilections?"

"I am a vegetarian and a socialist."

This, by the way, is only the bare outline of Mr. Ker's career. The truth is that after all is said a man's progress and environment are only what he has taken on in order to satisfy his genius, whatever that may be. Mr. Ker's environment did not create him, but he created it for his purpose; and his pictures stand, satirizing injustice with unerring skill.

Something Wrong

HEAD DOCTOR: How many patients died since yesterday?

HEAD NURSE: Seven.

"But didn't I inject eight?"

The Star-Spangled Banner

AMERICAN tourists in London are disposed—some of them at least—to take umbrage at the ballet entitled "New York," which is being presented at the Empire Theatre. They say, with truth, no doubt, that the Hudson River on the stage is not like the real Hudson; that the behavior on the stage docks—the bribery and "disreputable disorder"—would never be permitted on the real docks; and, above all, that the use of the American flag for stage setting and stage costumes is an insult to our national emblem.

It may be conceded that ballets are seldom realistic, that a musical comedy cannot be accepted as a faithful representation of life. When, in the most amusing of college burlesques, the students of the University of Pennsylvania sang their famous song, "This is the Way Our Fathers Did, This is the Way We Do," they illustrated our modern political methods by wheeling a barrowful of votes to the polls, and dumping them into the ballot box with a shovel. This was not supposed to be an actual reproduction of the means employed, but to imply a certain laxness of integrity on the part of our city fathers. Perhaps the actual comedy of the New York Customs House is as preposterous in its way as the travesty of it on the London stage; but we can easily understand that the fun is of a different order.

As for the insult to our flag—that is



"WAS IT FOR THIS I LOVED AND WAITED?"



She }
He } POOR THING!

no new complaint on the part of American residents in Europe. Why should the Stars and Stripes be used in foreign cities for the commonest purposes of advertisement? The proprietor of a Brussels hat shop sticks a little American flag into every hat in his window, and distributes these flags to passers-by to call attention to his wares. Two years ago a negro prize fighter, who was giving exhibitions of boxing in Belgium, wore the American flag as a loin cloth, and huge pictures of him so decorated were posted up in every Belgian city. It would be hard to find a lower depth of degradation for the emblem of our national pride. Perhaps some of our representatives abroad might see to it that the flag is at least outwardly respected in Europe as it is outwardly respected at home.

Agnes Repplier.

Not in Her Family

MRS. HOKUS: Your son is one of those advanced thinkers, isn't he?

MRS. POKUS: Yes, he has an idea he descended from a monkey, but I tell him if he did it must have been on his father's side.



"WAIT A MINUTE, MOTHER. HE'S GOING
TO SING."



"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB"

Contrasts

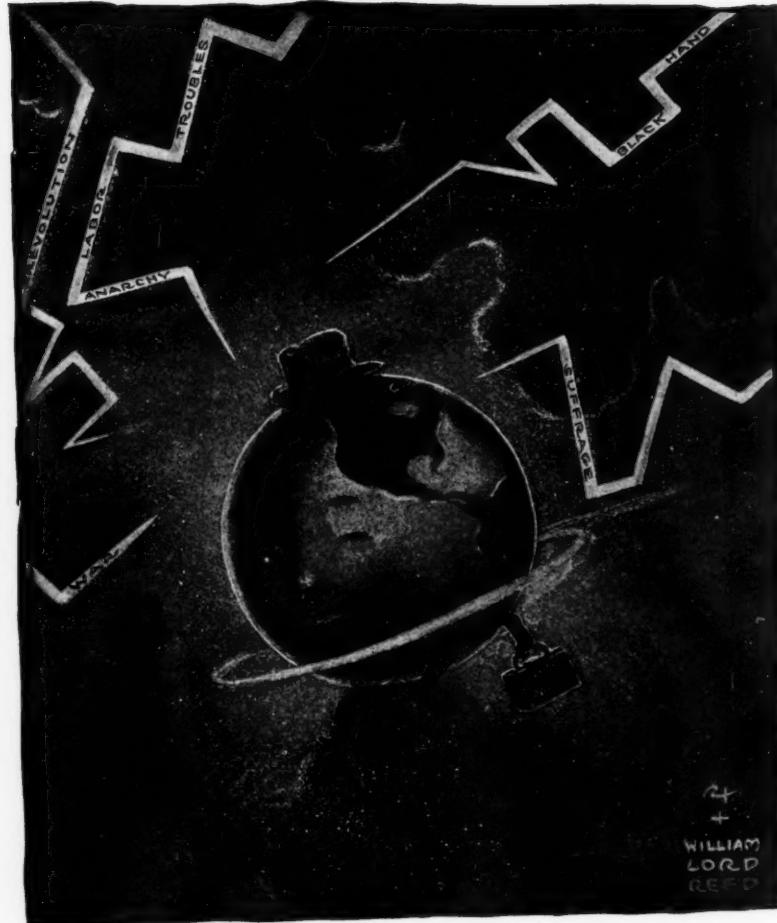
IT is easy enough to be pleasant, If a man is a monopolist and, in order to protect his interests, has secured control of both political parties, so that no matter which way the election goes he wins;

But the man worth while,
Is the man who can smile,
When he sees the Socialist vote increasing by leaps and bounds and all efforts to stop it seem vain.

MARRY in haste; divorce at leisure.



EIGHT FEET OF HOSE, AND A SPRINKLER



"WE DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING—BUT WE'RE ON OUR WAY"

A Slight Disparity

THE same Aldrich plan which the American Bankers' Association unanimously indorsed is declared by Congressman Lindergh of Minnesota to be "the greatest monstrosity that was ever placed before the people."

It must be quite evident from this that somebody has made a mistake. We are quite sure that the bankers did not indorse this scheme under the impression that it was a monstrosity, and we do not think that Mr. Lindergh would apply such an epithet if it were indeed that panic-avoiding panacea which the bankers proclaim it to be. Mr. Aldrich and his co-experts may have done their work well, but so far they have been unable to make many outside of the banking fraternity believe it.

FIRST SALESLADY: Are you goin' to marry that gentleman that comes here every day?

SECOND DITTO: Nope. I'd rather have a job without a husband than a husband without a job.



THE VOLUNTEER

THE REGULAR

Handed Over

PITKIN had just finished reading his morning's mail when the telephone rang. It was his wife.

"What time does your train go this afternoon?" she asked.

"At three fifteen."

Pitkin was off for Chicago that afternoon on a business trip. He had already said good-bye to his wife. He was going to luncheon, then on an errand or so, and after that to the train.

"Mrs. Shorter wants you to do her a favor."

"Who's Mrs. Shorter?"

"Don't you remember? They moved in about six months ago. Charming woman; she wants you to take something to Chicago for her."

"Oh, yes, I remember; what is it?"

"Tell you when I see you; can you take lunch with us? We'll meet you at the Plantaganet at one o'clock."

The Plantaganet was a nearby restaurant. Pitkin looked at his watch; he made rapid calculations.

"Well, I suppose so," he called back. "Be prompt."

He was the kind of a man who never refused his wife anything, if he could do it. An extremely accommodating man.

Promptly at one o'clock he entered the dining room of the Plantaganet. The ladies were waiting for him. He shook hands with Mrs. Shorter—effusive, conspicuous and grateful. They took their places at a quiet table in the corner. Mrs. Shorter explained her mission.

"My niece is going to a dance Thursday," she said, "and I promised that I would let her wear my pearl necklace—you see, it's a grand affair, and she is my favorite niece; and there was no way of sending it to her. It is so valuable that I didn't dare send it by express, even if there is time—which I doubt. She telegraphed me about it. I learned this morning that you were going on and your wife said that she knew you would be delighted to deliver it to her."

"Certainly," replied Pitkin. "I'll put it in my inside pocket and take it there the first thing."

"Here's her address and here's her picture, so that you will know her; but she expects it, as I wired her you would be there on time. It's awfully good of you, Mr. Pitkin."

"Don't mention it," replied Pitkin.

Mrs. Shorter reached into her hand bag and pulled out a jeweler's case. She opened it and handed it over to Pitkin.

"Magnificent!" he exclaimed.

"Wonderful!" whispered Mrs. Pitkin.

"Yes," said Mrs. Shorter, "my husband gave them to me on my birthday—one pearl for each year—but do you know, I haven't really enjoyed them, I have to be so careful of them. I only wear them on great occasions."

Pitkin took out the pearls and gazed at them in deep admiration. He began to quail at the responsibility.

"If I should be killed—" he murmured.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his wife. "Mrs. Shorter understands all about that."

"Certainly I do!" exclaimed Mrs. Shorter. "And I don't want you to feel any responsibility about it at all; I am sure nothing will happen; and I shall be so grateful to you all the rest of my life."

After luncheon, Pitkin, with the pearls in his inside pocket, bade goodbye to the ladies and hurried away to his train. He located his section, made himself comfortable, and in an

(Continued on page 1193)



When Woman Wins

'Twas in the year 2011, and the intrepid general was rallying her wavering female troops.

"Women," she cried, "will you give way to manly fears?"

A timid murmur ran through the ranks.

"Shall it be said we are clothed in mail armor?" shrieked the leader.

The murmur grew more confused.

"Will you," came the taunting cry from their gallant general, "show the white feather at this time of the year, when feathers are out of fashion?"

The effect was wonderful, astounding, marvelous!

"Never!" roared her noble followers. "Never!"

And forming themselves rapidly into battle array, they once more hurled themselves relentlessly upon the enemy.

—*New York Call*.



COOKING IN PAPER BAGS

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A Cruel Question

Skeezick's car had turned turtle, and as he sat gloomily contemplating the situation Uncle Silas reined in his nag and stopped outside.

"Turned over, hain't she?" he observed.

"Yep," said Skeezick, shortly.

"Want to sell?" asked Uncle Silas.

"Yes," said Skeezick. "I'll sell out cheap."

"What's your upset price?" asked Uncle Silas with a grin."

—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Real Puzzle

FATHER (impressively): Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?

IRREVERENT SON: I'd stay here. The question is, What would become of you?

—*Westchester Critic*.

"Who's that man who just kicked the chair over and threw a pack of cards into the fireplace?" inquired one waiter.

"Oh," replied the other, "he's the gentleman who tries to rest his nerves by playing solitaire."

—*Washington Star*.

USHER'S Whisky

USHER'S EXTRA

"GREEN STRIPE"

EDINBURGH

G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
NEW YORK SOLE AGENTS



"A POOR, SHIPWRECKED SAILOR! WERE YOU WASHED ASHORE?"

"NO, MUM; YER SEE, I'VE ON'Y BIN ASHORE THREE WEEKS."

Rhymed Reviews

The Money Moon

(By Jeffery Farnol. Dodd, Mead & Company.)

Bellew, a Yankee millionaire,
While tramping sundry stadia
Along a Kentish thoroughfare,
Beheld a small Arcadia,

The queen whereof (his Valentine—
To-be, a Witch revealed to him),
Sweet Mistress Anthea Devine,
Decidedly appealed to him.

Now Anthea was proud and poor—
As poor as any editor;
Her lands were mortgaged to a boor
Named Grimes, a grasping creditor;

And since a lady's debts to pay
Would scandalize Society,
Bellew was forced to find a way
To help her with propriety.

He told her little nephew, George,
That when the moon was big enough
A spade would make the earth disgorge
A fortune if he'd dig enough.

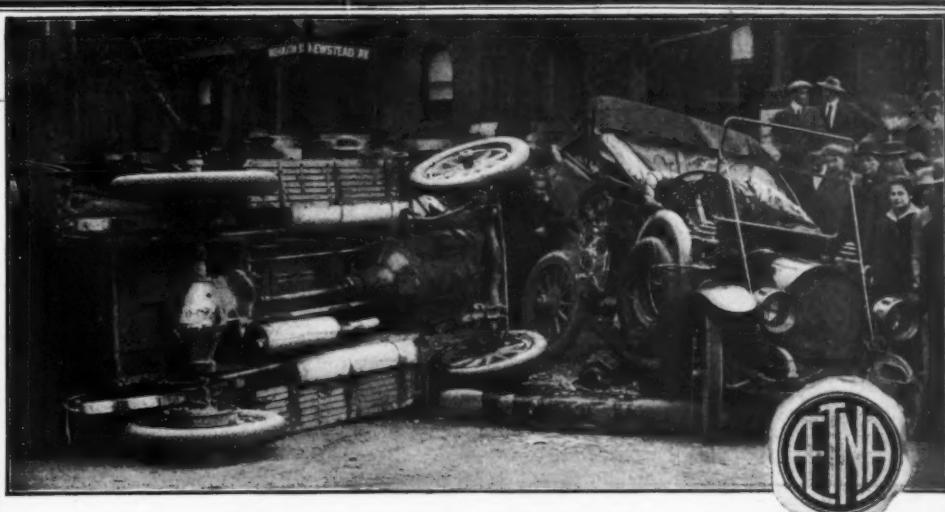
So little Georgie digged betimes
And found a heaping measureful
Of gold, wherewith the grasping Grimes
Was paid,—and all was pleasureful.

Not so; for Anthea was mad.
"Such tricks I can't allow," she said.
She thought Bellew an awful cad.
She'd wed his rival now, she said.

But artless little Georgie knew—
His clear blue eyes had seen it all.
He went and told his friend, Bellew,
That Auntie didn't mean it all.

So bold Bellew came back by night;
He seized the maid; he carried her
Away, away, in headlong flight!—
For all her pride, he married her!

She owned her love. Their strife forgot,
They stood beneath The Money Moon.
And now upon his private yacht
They're off to spend their honeymoon.
Arthur Guiterman.



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Automobile.....	2,362	519,949.76
Fire Arms.....	628	392,751.23
Bathing or drowning.....	737	288,932.39
Burns or scalds.....	3,257	273,456.69
Bicycle.....	2,835	192,489.50
Septic wounds (blood poisoning).....	2,021	177,811.91
Athletic sports.....	3,201	154,482.82
Falling of heavy weights.....	2,957	149,407.97
Cuts with edged tools or glass.....	5,030	139,035.36
Fingers crushed.....	4,503	120,144.73
Eye injuries.....	2,281	108,541.76
Elevator.....	320	89,420.29
Machinery.....	1,653	70,903.84
Assaults.....	434	52,998.86
Toes crushed.....	1,577	50,418.01
Stepping on nails or glass.....	1,668	45,647.52
House accidents (contact with furniture).....	483	45,285.66
Hands lacerated on hooks, nails, etc.....	1,465	41,162.50
Bites by dogs or insects.....	783	31,973.20
Tripped over mats or rugs.....	237	19,514.54
Splinters in hands or feet.....	508	18,284.70
Motor boats.....	147	10,505.47
Fingers caught in electric fans.....	147	6,892.06
Miscellaneous accidents.....	7,803	476,365.40
Total	108,000	\$8,316,447.67

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By the Impudent Bard

Lady, lady, passing fair!
As I view your beauty rare,
Coldly radiant, like a star,
How I wonder what you are!
Your weight, 90 pounds, I guess—
All the rest of you is dress!
Some is hair and some is hat,
Fluff and feathers and all that!

Say, how many lives were paid
That you might be thus arrayed?
Your warm, furry coat reveals
Epitaphs of several seals;
Sable boa, sable muff—
Twelve small lives were not enough.
Egrets six were surely slain
For your headgear, smart and plain.

These your dainty hands are hid
In the skin of slaughtered kid.
Calfskin of the kind called "ooze"
Makes (they cost a life) your shoes.
Your hair—yours by purchase, please—
Was shorn from off a slave Chinese;
Silks and laces that you wear
Represent vast toil and care.

Your "complexion"—chemic bane!—
Cost a world of woe and pain.
Lady, that you may be gay,
Thousands throw their lives away.
Do you ever in your pride,
Count its cost in homicide?
Lady, lady, passing fair,
Do you know—and do you care?

—Chicago News.

Rheumatism—Gout, Nervitis successfully treated.
Crestview Sanatorium, Greenwich, Ct., Tel. 105.

Mr. Balfour and the Scotch Humorist

Once an old Scotch weather prophet at Whittingham informed Mr. Balfour that "It's gaun to rain seventy-twa days, sir."

"Come, come!" said the statesman. "Surely the world was entirely flooded in forty days."

"Aye, aye!" was the response, "but the world wasn't sae weel drained as it is noo."—Strand Magazine.

Intrinsic Values

"Why did you select Charles instead of George?" asked Maude.

"Well," replied Maymie, "George said I had eyes like violets, cheeks like wild roses, shell-like ears and lips like cherries."

"Very pretty."

"Yes. But Charles said I had eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearls and lips like rubies. It seemed to me that his ideals were much more practical."

—Washington Star.

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The Standard Railway of the South

The Minister's Usefulness

Among the members of a fashionable country club of Washington are a doctor and a minister, who delight in the exchange of repartee touching their respective professions.

As they met one day, the minister observed that he was "going to read to old Cunningham," adding (as he was aware that the old man was a patient of his friend, the doctor), "Is he much worse?"

With the gravest of expressions, the physician replied:

"He needs your help more than mine."

Off his guard, the minister exclaimed anxiously: "Poor fellow! Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes; he is suffering from insomnia."

—Lippincott's.

A Good Work

Edith was light-hearted and merry over everything. Nothing appealed to her seriously. So, one day, her mother decided to invite a very serious young parson to dinner, and he was placed next the light-hearted girl. Everything went well until she asked him:

"You speak of everybody having a mission. What is yours?"

"My mission," said the parson, "is to save young men."

"Good," replied the girl, "I'm glad to meet you. I wish you'd save one for me."—Ladies' Home Journal.

"How do you like your new minister's wife?"

"Not very well. She's just as stylish as the rest of us."—Detroit Free Press.

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L'Envoy

(Lines written on the marriage of a friend, a school teacher of long standing. Apology due to Kipling.)

When the very last spinster is married,
And the wedding cake crumbs have
dried,
When the freshest flowers have faded
And the wedding march echoes have
died,

There'll be rest, and, faith, 'twill be
needed,
Sweet rest for those who have toiled
For the climax of Love's consummation,
That its sweet dream should ne'er be
despoiled.

And she who is wed shall be happy;
She shall sit in her own rocking chair,
Darning number ten socks by the dozen,
Neatly done to the very last pair.

She has found a real man to live with,
Jonathan, Harry or Paul;
She can work from the dawn till the
nightfall,
And never grow tired at all.

And only her husband shall praise her,
And only her husband shall blame;
Ne'er again shall she work for money,
Ne'er again shall she strive for fame.

But all for the joy of the working,
Shall she toil in her separate star,
To please her own Lord of Creation,
The Monarch of things as they are.

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No. 9

Cardinal Dubois

The famous Cardinal Dubois, prime minister of France during the Orleans regency, had a violent temper, but was by no means ill-natured. At one time he was swearing at his clerks, saying that with thirty clerks he could not get his business done. Venier, his secretary, after looking at him a long time in silence, answered: "Monseigneur, take one clerk more to swear and scold for you; half your time will be saved and your business will be done."



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From Our Readers



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Tales of a Traveler

EDITOR OF LIFE:

No. 1 (or any other number).

Place, Connecticut, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.; time, any holiday, before or after; scene, any train except Boston expresses; seats filled; standees, men, women and children—all wobbling. Mellenaid: A kindergarten course in forecast for all executives.

No. 2.

Place, Connecticut, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.; time, Sunday evening, December 3, A. D. 1911; twenty standees in one car; numerous standees in most of the other cars; a few vacant seats in forward car; passenger refuses to give ticket unless provided with seat. Conductor returns—facetiously—"Come along, give you eight seats forward." No vestibules, no assistance in going forward, no notice given of any seats vacant until after protest by one passenger. Mellenaid: Put in poles with straps for the aged and infirm.

No. 3.

Place, Connecticut, Litchfield or Fairfield counties. Dramatis personæ: Bride and groom; destination, New York or the Berkshires. Problem, to get there. Mellenaid: Take the Harlem or go afoot.

ONE OF MANY.

The Suffragette to Life

DEAR LIFE:

Tell me in your scornful numbers
Suffrage is an empty dream,
That my ilk the sex encumbers
And my tactics are a scream.

Of your scorn I'm not complaining,
With your mirth I'm not at strife,
Nay, I quite rejoice in gaining
Any notice from you, LIFE.

Quite rejoice that you're devoting
Valued spaces to my chaff,
That my foolish zeal for voting
Makes one ripple of your laugh;

But the thing that desolates me,
Pains, disgusts and disappoints,—
Is the way you scandalize me
As to Coiffure, Jaw and Joints.

LIFE,—my preachments may be acid,
My arraignments coldly stern,
But it follows not my façade
Must be Gothic, sallow, stern;—

That my figure must be spindling,
Built to slip through any hug,
And my locks, unratted, dwindling—
Whipped into a hasty pug—

Paint me sometime cream and coral,
Gowned with tailored snap and grace,
Or with shoulders—not too moral—
Gleaming from a foam of lace.

Dip your brush in colors mellow,
And for New Year's gift design
Something,—something not *too* yellow—
Something potent—feminine.

Thus we may enjoy each other:—
I'll not rant, if you'll not jeer,
Visit me with kindness, Brother—
Two and fifty times a year.

SAN FRANCISCO.

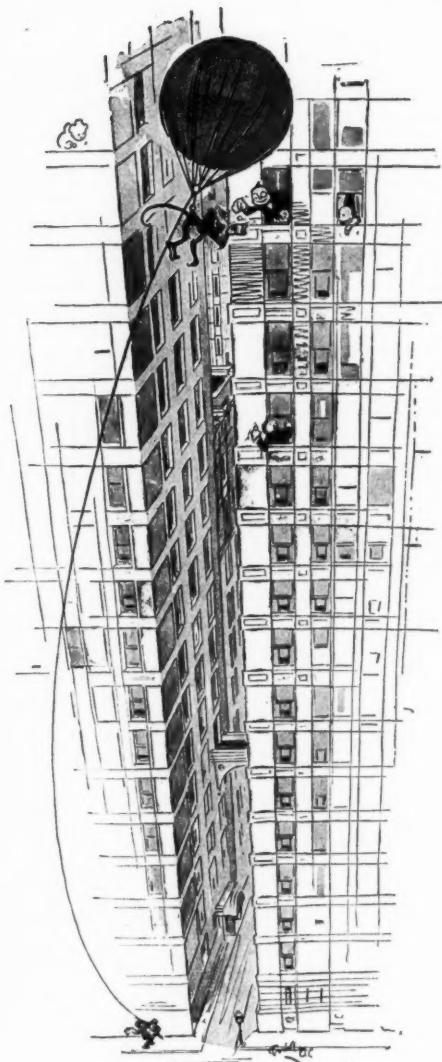
M. M.

For a Wider Sphere

DEAR LIFE:

I have read your valuable magazine for years, because you stand for anti-vaccination, anti-vivisection, anti-frivolous fashions, anti-simply society, etc., but why you stand for anti-woman suffrage passes my understanding, except that you exemplify the adage, "A man cannot be liberal in *all* things."

Attend a suffrage debate at your first opportunity and, without knowing the speakers, you will be able to tell at a glance which side each will take. The suffragist is a good, clean-looking, sensible woman—up to date in her ideas, and the anti is decidedly a back number—just what any woman becomes who spends her whole life within four walls, and just the kind that so many *progressive*



THE COMMERCIAL SIDE OF AVIATION

sive husbands are perfectly willing to leave there while he seeks the chorus girl for diversion.

Home, in its fullest sense, is not restricted to four walls, but it includes the city, the State, the country; and woman's mission is not only to prepare the baby for the home, but to help the husband prepare the country for the baby, which she can do without losing her grace and dignity.

Very cordially yours,
(Mrs.) ELISABETH C. OPPENHEIM,
NEWARK, N. J.,
December 8, 1911.

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VI

Blücher and His Pipe-Bearer at the Battle of Waterloo

Old Field-Marshal Blücher was particularly fond of three things—a glass of wine, a game of cards, and a pipe of tobacco. With the two former he was frequently obliged to dispense, but he could not and would not do without the latter, nor could he help indulging in smoking, if it were ever so little, before he undertook anything serious. A few puffs at the spur of the moment would satisfy him, but to do without them at all was a matter of impossibility. For this purpose he had appointed as his pipe-bearer one of his "boys" (as he used to call his hussars), a fellow countryman from Rostock—Christian Hennemann—who had charge of a large box of common long Dutch clay pipes, all filled with tobacco and ready for use at a moment's notice. This box constituted the principal item of the marshal's field equipage. Hennemann was so devoted to his master and his charge, that he would have killed on the spot any one who attempted to purloin a pipe from the box, or bring the latter in danger of breaking some of the precious (to him sacred) contents.

On the morning of the memorable battle of Waterloo, Hennemann had just handed his master a lighted pipe, when a cannon ball struck the ground close by, scattering earth and gravel in all directions and causing the white charger on which Blücher was mounted to spring aside—a maneuver that broke the pipe into a thousand pieces before the owner had time even to lift it to his lips.

"Just keep a lighted pipe ready for me; I shall be back in a few moments, after I have driven away the rascally French churls." With these words, Blücher gave the command, "Forward, boys!" and off he galloped with his cavalry. Instead, however, of a chase of a few minutes, it was a rapid march of nearly a whole hot summer day, as we all know from history.

After the battle was over, Blücher

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rode back with Wellington to the place where he first got a glimpse of the combating armies, and nearing the spot where Blücher had halted in the morning, they saw to their surprise a solitary man, his head tied with a handkerchief, one arm in a sling and calmly smoking a pipe!

"Donner und blitz!" cried Blücher, "why, that is my Hennemann. How you look, boy; what are you doing here alone?"

"Waiting for your speedy return," was the grumbling answer. "You have come at last! I have waited for you here, pipe in mouth, for the whole long day. This is the last pipe in the box. The cursed French have shot away every

pipe from my mouth, have ripped the flesh from my head, and shattered my arm with their deuced bullets. It is well there is an end to the battle, or you would have been too late even for the last pipe." Saying which, he handed to Blücher the pipe, to enjoy the remaining fumes of the weed.

Wellington, who had listened attentively to the conversation, here remarked to Blücher: "You have just admired the unflinching loyalty and bravery of my Highlanders, what shall I say to this true and devoted soul?"

"But your Highlanders had no pipes to regale themselves with."

—Dr. Michelsen,
Spofford's Library of Wit and Humor.

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¶ There could be no more satisfactory answer to this question than the January number, now on sale.

¶ Many magazines develop a taste for entertainment. For more than a dozen years Ainslee's has best satisfied that taste.

¶ Each number contains at least one complete novelette and a dozen or more short stories of the sort that have made their authors well known. The novelette in the January number is a sparkling, bubbling romance,

THE PRINCE AND BETTY

By P. G. Wodehouse

¶ The short stories are the best work of such writers as Joseph C. Lincoln, Alicia Ramsay, Agnes and Egerton Castle, Andrew Soutar, Fannie Heaslip Lea, Frank Condon, Charles Neville Buck, Thomas Addison, Nalbro Bartley and Owen Oliver.

THE JANUARY AINSLEE'S

Sold wherever magazines are read—Read wherever magazines are sold

Fifteen Cents the Copy

Handed Over

(Continued from page 1185)

hour after the train had started, was deep in an exciting novel.

It was a slack traveling time and the car was not full. Most of the male passengers were in the smoking room ahead. Three or four ladies were scattered about and there was a man in the next section.

The conductor came through. Just as he reached Pitkin the man in the next section rose, and holding a small grip sack in his hand, deposited it in the seat opposite Pitkin.

"Beg pardon," he said, "but would you mind watching my bag while I go in the smoker? Awfully sorry to trouble you. Back in half an hour or so."

Pitkin glanced up at the man. He was a suave, pleasant individual. Pitkin thought dimly that he had seen him somewhere before.

"All right, sir," he said, not over pleased.

The conductor and the man disappeared. Pitkin read on. By and by the man came back.

"Greatly obliged to you, sir," he said, as he took up his bag. There was an anxious look on his face.

"Don't mention it," said Pitkin.

The man opened the bag. He fumbled among the contents. A look of astonishment came over his face. He fumbled some more. He became excited.

"Hello!" he exclaimed.

Pitkin looked up, irritated to be interrupted again in his reading. The conductor was coming back from the other end of the car.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the man. "That is a good joke. Ha!"

He looked at Pitkin fixedly.

"Come now, old fellow," he said quietly, "a joke is a joke. Better fork over that necklace and I'll say nothing about it."

"What are you driving at?" said Pitkin, rising up from his book in amazement.

"Oh, you know what I am driving at all right. You've got it!"

"Got what? you—"

Suddenly Pitkin turned pale, green, and all of the other colors that a man is supposed to take on in a fright. He recognized the man now; this suave gentleman had occupied the table next to him at the Plantaganet. The whole scene came back to him like a thunder clap. The suave gentleman had evidently heard the conversation and seen the necklace.

"Look here, conductor," said the man, appealing to the approaching official. "You heard me ask this gentleman to look after this bag, didn't you? I went into the smoker. I put the bag right here—and just asked him if he would keep an eye on it while I was gone. Well, he did keep an eye on it—with a vengeance! It's gone, all right—disappeared—vanished—eh?"

"What's gone?" asked the conductor.

"Why, my wife's necklace. Worth nearly ten thousand dollars—to be exact, nine thousand five hundred. It was there, in that bag, before I went away—and now it has gone."

"How do you know it isn't there now?" asked the conductor. "Empty the bag."

In reply, the man turned the bag upside down and piled the contents—consisting of a hair brush, other toilet articles and a couple of magazines out on the seat.

"You see," he said triumphantly, "it isn't there. Ask him," he said to the conductor, "if he hasn't got it on him? Of course he has it on him."

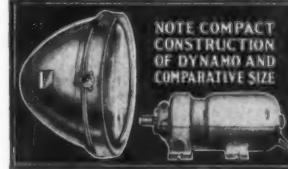
Pitkin, at this instant, made an involuntary movement with his right hand in the direction of his inside pocket; such is the power of suggestion.

"You see," cried the suave man. "Search him! I demand that you search him!"

While the discussion had been going on, Pitkin had been desperately trying to pull himself together. He realized that in the long run he could easily establish his ownership—or wardship—of the necklace, but in the mean-

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BROADWAY, COR. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK

time the evidence was so complete against him that he was staggered; he knew that if the plot worked the man would be able to get away with the necklace before this identification could be established. That was precisely what the man had counted on.

"Here's my card," he said to the conductor. "I can prove who I am, and I can prove that the necklace is mine, or that I am rightfully entitled to it."

"Ha!" said the man, "I've heard that line of talk before."

"You should make no objection to being searched if you are innocent," said the conductor. "This gentleman," turning to the suave man, "seems to know what he is talking about. Describe the necklace, sir."

The suave man's sharp eyes glistened.

"Certainly, it has twenty-seven pearls in it. I gave it to my wife, you understand, on her twenty-seventh

The JANUARY SCRIBNER

The beginning of Robert Grant's *The Convictions of a Grandfather*

Introducing the Fred and Josephine of "The Reflections of a Married Man" and "The Opinions of a Philosopher," their children, and their children's children. The author deals with modern life, its problems and interests, in a delightfully shrewd and humorous way, touching upon all its latest questions.

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birthday. They taper toward the middle; the largest one is—well—about so big. And the clasp—well, it goes together like this, with two little prongs; the pearls are light in colors—very light, I should say. Ha! Now, sir, I call upon you to produce that necklace and see if I am right."

Pitkin kept his nerve. There was one chance and he took it.

"Wait a moment," he said, "you say, sir, that necklace cost you nine thousand five hundred dollars."

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure about that, are you?"

"Certainly."

Pitkin smiled.

"Then suppose I should tell you," he said; "that while I was sitting here reading, the action of the train had jostled that bag of yours open, and suppose I should say to you that the case containing that valuable necklace of yours had begun to fall out and that I placed it in my pocket here for safe keeping—"

"That wouldn't make any difference. No one would—"

Pitkin pressed the region of his heart, and interrupted him:

"And suppose—" reaching into his pocket and pulling out the case—"I should ask you to—"

He stopped abruptly.

"Is this your necklace?" he asked the suave man.

"Sure!"

"Better examine it closely."

The suave man, with the necklace close up to his nose, ran his sharp eyes over it like a dog on the scent. He weighed it abstractly in his hand. His face, during the operation, had rapidly fallen to below zero.

"It's all right, conductor," he fal-

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ered. "I apologize; gentlemen's all right; sorry to have—"

The train whistled for the next station and the suave man made ready to get off.

The conductor passed on. When he was out of sight beyond the door the suave man leaned over to Pitkin.

"How did you know," he asked, "that that necklace was imitation?"

Pitkin shrugged his shoulders and put the case back in his pocket. "I didn't know the necklace," he said, "but I suspected the lady."

T. L. M.



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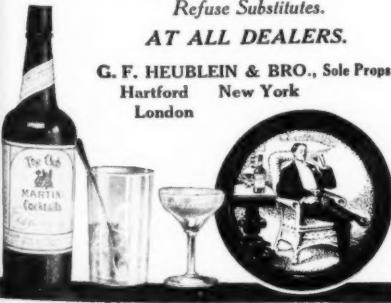
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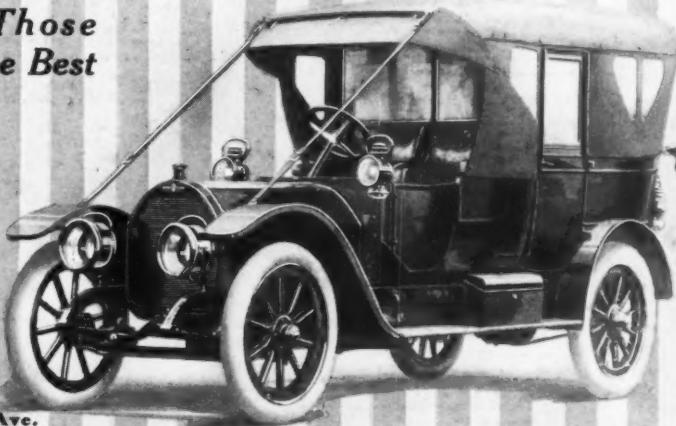
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